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Life and Light for Woman.

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LADY CURZON.

THE LADY DUFFERIN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION OF INDIA.

BY MRS. JOSEPH COOK.

A PRINCESS of Poona, who was cured of a serious sickness by the skill of a woman missionary doctor, conceived the idea of making a direct appeal to Queen Victoria that she should send medical help to the suffering women of India who are dependent on the ministrations of their own sex in all their physical distresses. Miss Beilby, the missionary doctor who was going to England to take her degree in a medical college, tried to explain to her princely patient how difficult it is to secure an audience with the Queen. But the woes of her countrywomen lay heavy on the heart of the princess, and she devised the plan of sending her message in a locket. "Write it small, Doctor Mem Sahib," she said to her medical friend and helper, "for I want to put it into a locket which you are to wear around your neck until you see our great empress, and give it to her yourself. You are not to send it through another."

Some ladies in the royal household heard of this singular request, and when they told the Queen she summoned the missionary to court, and told her she was to communicate in person whatever message she had to convey.

The Poona princess had said: "I want the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the men and women of England, to know what the women of India suffer when they are sick. I am told our Queen is good and gracious, and that she never hears of suffering without sending a message to say how sorry she is, and trying to help."

Learning facts from the missionary physician, which are well known to those who have been working for the women of India the past thirty years, England's Queen and India's Empress exclaimed: "We had no idea it was as bad as this. Something must be done for these poor creatures. We wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort made to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

About this time the Earl of Dufferin was appointed Viceroy of India. The Queen impressed upon Lady Dufferin the importance of making some effort for bringing medical help to the women of India. Lady Dufferin herself says, "From that time I took pains to learn all that I could of the medical question in India as regards women, and I found that although certain great efforts were being made in a few places to provide female attendance, hospitals, training schools, and dispensaries for women; and although missionary effort had done much, and had, indeed, for years been sending out pioneers into the field, yet, taking India as a whole, its women were

undoubtedly without that medical aid which their European sisters are accustomed to consider as absolutely necessary."

Such is the well-known and oft-repeated story of the beginning of the "Lady Dufferin Fund," which one hears so much about in India and England. It originated through a medical missionary, although now the annual reports of one of the greatest charities in existence make no reference to Miss Beilby, the doctor, nor the Maharani of Poona, the native princess whose intercession for her suffering countrywomen touched the Queen's heart.

Lady Dufferin was wise and prompt in the measures she adopted for putting the Queen's wishes into execution. With not only the sanction of the Queen to urge, but practically her command, she had no difficulty in enlisting the support of the prominent Anglo-Indians, both men and women. Her prospectus, stating the need and her plan for its relief, was translated into the various Indian vernaculars and distributed throughout the empire. The society was called "The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India." Money collected was credited to the "Countess of Dufferin's Fund." The first annual report was issued in 1886, so that this National Association has now been in existence thirteen years.

The uniform English policy in India of non-interference in the native religious faiths has been strictly observed in this medical relief work, which is purely philanthropic. It aims to be non-sectarian and national, and therefore neutral as respects religion. No employé is allowed to proselyte or interfere in any way with the religious beliefs of any section of the people. Missionary work along medical lines has not been antagonized, for the need is so great there is room for various agencies. From the outset it has been a most popular charity. Medical tuition, medical relief, and the supply of trained women nurses and midwives for women and children in hospitals and private houses are the specified objects of the association.

The report of 1898, as quoted by Dr. Dennis in the second volume of "Christian Missions and Social Progress" (page 413), states that there are twenty-eight lady doctors of the first grade, all qualified by a thorough course of study, and their names enrolled on the British Medical Register; seventy assistant surgeons, second grade, and seventy hospital assistants, third grade, all Indian born and Indian educated, of many nationalities, castes, and creeds. During the year 1897 about 1,327,000 women were treated by those identified with this organization. It is estimated that the annual increase of patients is about one hundred thousand. There are sixty-five hospitals and dispensaries scattered over the chief cities of India, ten of which are entirely supported by native princes. Two princes in Rajputana gave \$190,000.



LADY DUFFERIN.

Seven other hospitals are in course of construction. There are two hundred and forty-three women students in medical colleges or in training classes. These students are encouraged to go to England or Germany for their degrees, and the number of those ambitious to do so is yearly increasing.

From the outset there has been a strong prejudice in favor of native and Eurasian medical women rather than for those sent out from England. Lady Dufferin expresses the hope that "for a long time to come English ladies will be appointed to fill the higher posts in the women's hospitals in India, because English methods, English powers of organization, habits of command and experience of European ways are invaluable as examples." Still she rejoices in the success "of those native East Indian ladies who, with marked courage and ability, have taken up the medical profession in India."

Lady Dufferin is at present at the head of "The United Kingdom Branch of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund," and the chief work of this Branch is to assist Indian and Eurasian women, who are anxious to study in the English medical schools and European hospitals. Apart from the gain to the individuals themselves, their example, and the higher success which it is hoped they will obtain on their return to India, will raise the standards, and give a marked impetus to the entire organization.

When Lady Dufferin left India, her successor, as Vicereine, Lady Lansdowne, took up the work, until, on her retirement, it fell into the hands of Lady Elgin, who gave it serious and continuous attention. It is a matter of interest to all American women that the present Vicereine of India, the successor of such illustrious women as Lady Canning and Lady Dufferin, is herself an American woman, who was known in her girlhood as Mary Leiter, of Chicago. It is gratifying to hear that already Lady Curzon is appreciating the responsibilities that come with opportunity, and is entering with enthusiasm upon the philanthropic work of India. Her position gives her the presidency of the "Lady Dufferin Fund," and word has come that she has personally visited wards in some of the hospitals, and both she and her husband have subscribed liberally for this work.

Notwithstanding all the hospitals established in India in the Lady Dufferin fund, English magazines and reports tell of mission hospitals as entirely inadequate to receive all the patients that apply. This is an evidence both of the great need and of the blessed relief furnished. Our part in this work is to erect a hospital in Ahmednagar. May there be speedy answers to our appeal for the necessary funds.

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

[Written for the Lady Dufferin Fund for Medical Aid to the Women of India.]

How shall she know the worship we would do her!
 The walls are high, and she is very far.
 How shall the women's message reach unto her
 Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?
 Free wind of March against the lattice blowing,
 Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in;
 Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city,
 To whatsoever fair place she hath her home in,
 Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity;
 Out of our shadow pass and seek her, singing,
 "I have no gifts but love alone for bringing."

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
 But old in grief, and very wise in tears;
 Say that we, being desolate, entreat her
 That she forget us not in after years;
 For we have seen the light, and it were grievous
 To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebbd with none to staunch the failing,
 By love's sad harvest garnered in the spring,
 When love in ignorance wept unavailing
 O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;
 By all the gray owl watched, the pale moon viewed,
 In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the gods that hear not,
 By gifts that found no favor in their sight,
 By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
 By nameless horrors of the stifling night,
 By ills foredone, by peace, her toils discover,
 Bid earth be good beneath and heaven above her.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
 And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,—
 In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,—
 Who have been helped by her in their need,
 All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat
 Shall be a tasselled floor cloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee; take no rest,
 Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea.
 Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest.
 Of those in darkness, by her hand set free;
 Then very softly to her presence move,
 And whisper, "Lady, lo, they know and love!"

INDIA.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR WORK FOR 1898.

BY DR. JULIA BISSELL, AHMEDNAGAR.

“WE have a Babel of tongues here,” my nurse, Murabai, said to me one morning as she and I were trying our best to understand what a poor woman wished to tell us about her aches and pains, and in turn were attempting to explain to her what she must do to get well. And as I recall the people who have presented themselves at the dispensary door, I can count at least nine different languages spoken by them. This will show you what a diversity of tongues prevails in this city, and that without any “immigrant population” to explain it, as in our larger American cities. We members of the dispensary staff do not claim to speak these nine languages, nor even to understand each of them. I content myself with using three, and we can generally manage to come to an understanding with the patient through one of the three. Our dear good matron Sakubai, who fell a victim to the plague last year, had a wonderful gift for tongues, and could speak many more than anyone else on the staff. A year ago we said good-by to her, yet it still seems but a few days since she was moving about the consulting and waiting rooms, encouraging this timid patient, soothing that one’s fretful child, rolling up bandages, filling the pitcher for the operating room, and explaining the dispensary rules to newcomers. She had so often said, “We who believe in the true God have nothing to fear from the plague,” that when she was stricken it was at first hard to believe. She passed away quietly in the plague hospital, less than twenty-four hours from the time she was taken thither, and still can it be said of her, “Her works do follow her.”

Twenty-six different castes have been represented in our consulting room this year, and six religions. Of these the majority have been Hindus, then Christians next in numbers, the Mohammedans, then Parsees, Roman Catholics, and Jains, or Buddhists. August brought the Queen of Indore and her royal household to Ahmednagar, and we were privileged to include the little princes and princesses among our patients. A very pretty sight they made with their fair faces and gold and silver embroidered dresses and coats.

Early in the year most of us had something to do in connection with the plague. Our nurse, Murabai, bravely stayed in the plague hospital three months nursing a sick woman, who but for her watching and care might not have lived. When we asked her if she felt timid, she said, “I kept

thinking of the hymn, 'Lord, hasten to help me in my danger,' and I knew he would care for me." The city at that time was emptied of its stricken population till scarce five hundred slept within the gates at night; and the absolute quiet at night was almost uncanny. Thousands of families were then living in huts around outside the city, and it was in these huts that I often went seeking my scattered patients, who seemed more grateful than ever for help in those days of distress and fear. I shall not forget the wee baby that had croup one night in a tiny hut, where four of us could just crouch on the ground beside her, and when I expected every minute that the frail shelter would be blown down upon us by the wind that was blowing a gale without; nor the night when I watched by a girl who had been nursed through her attack of plague, but was taken with uncontrollable vomiting afterwards, and whom I did not expect to see alive at daybreak. Between her gasps for breath she would turn her dark eyes toward me and say: "Are you sitting up for me? Why do you? Please take some rest!" She came to me a few days ago, young, strong, beautiful, and happy, and on Christmas day she brought me a dinner she had cooked herself. Looking at her one could scarce believe she had ever been so low.

One of our favorite little patients this year has been a young man who is just beginning to cut his first tooth. Four months ago he was brought to us by his grandmother, who used to look at the sickly baby in her lap and say: "Do you mean to say you can do anything for him? There's nothing left to him; look!" And she would hold up one of the wasted little legs, and drop it with an incredulous air. A neighbor of the family told us she used to say, "I don't want anything more to do with this cockroach; I'm sick of him." Now when she comes with him she proudly shows off his fat little legs and arms, and we all stop to listen to his crowing, and answer his engaging smiles. Already the silver anklets made for him are too tight. He is to have new ones, we are told, and we remember how the first day we saw him there was only a plain little copper ring, of no value at all, that could almost slip off the foot of itself. One need scarcely add that he does not go by the name of "cockroach" any longer.

The fall of 1898 ushered in an epidemic of whooping cough in the city and its suburbs for miles around. The poor wee babies and their little brothers and sisters had a hard time, and many, many sleepless nights. Not many of the cases proved fatal, but one girlie passed away, and it makes me shudder still to think of what she went through during her short life. The family lived eleven miles away, and were desperately poor, in need of almost everything one could mention. The child had only a few

old rags about her, and there was a baby sister who could not walk. The mother would strap the baby onto her back, give it a dose of opium to keep it quiet, take the sick child in her arms, and start out from home in the cold, early morning air of our coldest months, which really means keen suffering to these poor people. Back and forth she walked for weeks, each time hoping the child would be better, yet looking sadder and more hopeless every time she came. How could the little one get stronger when every circumstance was militating against her recovery? Never have I so wished for a children's ward, in which I might care for her, and for the hundreds like her. It does seem as if there must be something wrong somewhere, when there are so many of God's little ones here who need to be cared for, so many mothers and sisters, too, who ought to be having good hospital treatment, and cannot have it just because we have no hospital to bring them into! And yet there are just as many eager hands and hearts at home waiting to be helpful, to show their quick sympathy, as there are sick ones out here! How can we bring the two together? It takes only ten dollars to furnish a cot—less than many a pretty spring hat will cost this year in America! When shall we have these beds ready for those who are now sleeping on the bare floor in their comfortless homes, and to whose many other trials sickness has been added?

It only remains to give the inevitable "statistics" that every missionary is supposed to be anxious to give about his work. The sum of patients treated daily, during regular dispensary hours, is 11,920 for the ten and a half months that the record was kept. Of these, 10,387 came for medical treatment, and the remainder for bandaging and dressing broken limbs, running sores, and similar ailments. By far the larger number were women and children. For instance, in one month when the women numbered 820, and the children 608, there were 145 visits from men and boys. Besides these, there have been many seen and prescribed for out of regular hours, of whom no record could be kept; and there have also been very many treated in their homes, in the city. These patients paid me during the year nearly three hundred and twenty-five dollars in fees, which is only a little less than one-third of what was sent from America for work among them. Adding to that some donations made by friends in India, we see that the medical work in Ahmednagar has, during the fourth year of its existence, paid a full third of its own expenses. I hope we can make a still better report by the close of 1899. This is notwithstanding the fact that a large number of patients are treated free who are unable to find even their daily bread, much less a doctor's fee. Some of those who had not ready money to pay have tried to show their gratitude and willingness to do what they could in return for

kindness shown to them, by bringing in small gifts at different times. Several poor women have brought in a little fruit or a few vegetables from their tiny garden patch. More than once a chicken has been sent to me for the dinner table, with the request that I accept it as a fee, and often a half dozen or so of fresh eggs are sent in from the country. The eggs are usually used at once in making egg-flip for some on the diet kitchen list. The work could be expanded indefinitely if our staff were not so busy with it as it is. Some day we hope to have a leper asylum connected with this dispensary as well as a hospital.

It has been a constant source of encouragement to feel that many friends at home are remembering us in their prayers. No other thought can bring with it such reassurance as that. And God, who hears those prayers, will answer them in blessings, both on us and on those who pray for us.

AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

TURKEY.

AT THE HOSPITAL IN AINTAB.

BY DR. CAROLINE F. HAMILTON.

THE hospital at Aintab, poor though it be, possesses certain riches. We may lack instruments and nearly every convenience to work with, but we are rich in patients to embarrassment; drugs may be used up, but there is a grand supply of air and sunshine, the best medicines in the world.

To a stranger from other lands, the hospital yard must seem one of the dreariest spots on earth. The buildings are of the native limestone, plain to the point of ugliness, and painted a dull, bluish gray; the soil is so thin that the underlying rocks keep cropping out, giving scanty nourishment to the small walnut and mulberry trees; as for grass, there is such a constant coming and going that only a few straggling green blades can be found. Travelers, however, are rare. The workers are too busy to think of outward appearances; the patients are too absorbed in themselves and their woes.

Soon after dawn the heavy gates are opened, and from that time until darkness falls the people are free to come. One of the early morning sights is to see groups of men and women sitting under the trees, or along the stone wall in some sunny corner, or in the stone porch before the main door, waiting to pounce upon the doctor or upon the druggist.

In the forenoon there are three centers of work, each one a little busier than the other two. One is the basement room, where the surgical assistant dresses the wounds of the out-patients. It is a sorrowful company that

gathers about this door. Many are chronic cases, perhaps compelled to come month after month, and even year after year,—comfortable under care, but unable to work, as their rags testify and their hungry eyes. And there are always too many little children in this crowd—babies fearfully burned, and others the victims of skin diseases. Upstairs the native physician is caring for eye cases; and when we remember the dust and dirt, the igno-



DR. CAROLINE F. HAMILTON.

rance and poverty of an Eastern city, we do not wonder that this second crowd is no smaller than the first. Meanwhile down at the house, in one corner of the yard, the *kuz hekine* (literally interpreted, the unmarried woman doctor) is busy with the women. There are poor women clad in short jacket and Turkish trousers, with a piece of cheap calico thrown over head and shoulders, and there are rich women in silks and jewels,—Grego-

rian Armenians and Protestant Armenians; veiled women from the harems, with a whole retinue of relatives and servants; village Kurds, spinning even as they talk to me, while my eyes are busy studying the rainbow colors of their dress and the construction of their enormous head dresses; young Arab brides with faces gayly tattooed; Greeks and Jewesses; "barbarian, Scythian, bond and free." I know of no better school for patience than a morning when fifty to sixty women are waiting to be cared for. The noise



THE HOSPITAL IN AINTAB.

of the many voices talking at once is sometimes so great that to think seems impossible. In the rush and hurry of office work, one questions if there is any result other than the lessening of pain. And then one thinks of their too-often loveless homes and desolate lives, and what a loving smile and word of sympathy must mean to these poor souls.

One of the Christian women, who was also a patient, told me that when she was turning over the leaves of her Bible one day, seeking a passage to

read aloud to the other patients, a young woman, dressed as a Moslem, whispered in her ear, "Read them the story of the crucifixion." Where had she heard it? and what did it mean to her?

In the afternoon the hospital is a busier place than in the morning. The hallway is so small that it becomes fairly jammed with people,—and to add to the confusion there is often some sick man lying on a rude litter, waiting for the doctor's examination and verdict. Of all miserable beings, these poor ragged sufferers, who may have been brought weary miles by their



HOSPITAL WORKERS.

friends, would call out your pity. And if the hall is well filled, the waiting room will be full to overflowing. So long as our preacher reads and talks there is comparative quiet, but his departure is the signal for the uproar to begin. A strong man guards the door into the consulting room, but when a mad mob descends upon him, each eager to be the first to enter, it is like pandemonium. It is little wonder that at five or six o'clock the physicians look as if they had fought a hard battle.

On the other side of the hall we find a quieter spot, where our courteous druggist is patiently trying to fill the prescriptions that pour in upon him. He will tell you how many thousand powders are dispensed in a single week, and how many barrels of cod-liver oil are consumed every year. In the spring, when drugs are considered peculiarly efficacious, he is driven for fourteen hours of the twenty-four, and yet I never heard him speak harshly to a woman or child.

In a wing of the building a very important person holds his court. In Turkey cooking is usually done by a man, and our hospital cook is a round, good-natured Armenian,—rather lacking in traits dear to New England women, but renowned for his savory stews.

We may consider the ground floor as the public part of the hospital, while the wards upstairs constitute the home. Here is the operating room (some of you may not think that homelike); here also the two wards for women, and two for men. Though the physicians spend many hours up in these rooms, the house mother is our trained nurse. We know the men and women as cases; Miss Trowbridge knows them as individuals. They tell us the history of their illnesses or of how they were wounded; they tell her the story of their lives, of homes and dear ones, of trouble and poverty.

My favorite ward is the large room, holding twelve beds, with windows looking south, east, and west. There are blooming plants in the sunny windows, colored pictures on the wall, and bright curtains and screens all about, to cheer our patients through the weary days of suffering. At one end of the ward is a long divan, where some of the convalescents are always to be found. Here, also, we gather for reading and for prayers a motley group of men and children,—women, too, when Miss Trowbridge or I can be present. Hospital days are hard under brighter conditions and for intelligent people. For our patients, few of whom can read, or understand pictures, or know how to play games, a story of other countries and the evening songs and reading mean much.

In the corner bed lies a young Armenian, a senior at the Aintab College, who came in for an operation, and who has been very ill. The winter of the massacres he was teaching in one of the larger villages, was attacked, and was left for dead. He recovered, however, and as the preacher had been killed, Apraham took his place, and ministered to the people for two years. I shall never forget a talk he gave the patients one Sunday evening. We supposed that he was too weak to speak, but when Miss Trowbridge closed her service Apraham asked permission to speak briefly. In the simplest, tenderest way he told them of how Christ stands waiting at the door of every man's heart, and yet that he turns away when men tell him to go.

Over across the ward was a man who had accepted Islam nominally under great pressure, and who was bitterly regretting what he had done. A young Turk occupies a bed half way down the ward, wounded in the chest in a coffee-house brawl. He suffers terribly, and his very fierceness makes us more gentle. Over opposite is Isa—a philosopher in his way, and a chronic grumbler. He has picked up a little English in addition to Arabic, and Turkish, and his African dialect, and will talk with us only in English.



MEN'S WARD IN THE HOSPITAL.

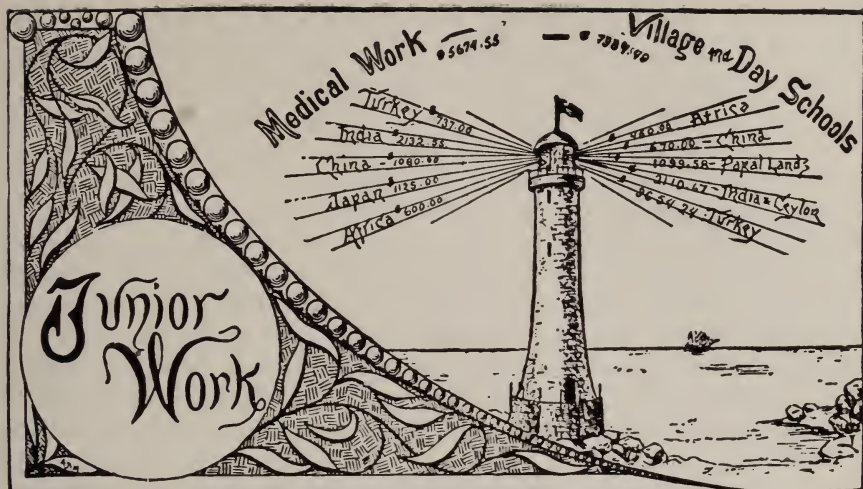
Our Turkish soldier occupies a cozy bed in the corner near the stove. A great rough fellow, we were almost afraid of him when he first came. But his loving care of a little Armenian lad and his interest in singing disarmed our prejudice. It was delightful to have Ali ask for "Lord, I hear that showers of blessing," and for "Jesus, gentle shepherd," at evening prayers, and to hear him singing verse after verse to himself as we went in and out of the ward.

In the women's wards you will find pretty Mariam from Marash,—a girl in years and with a child's guileless face, and yet doomed to weary months in her hospital home. It has not been lost time, for she has found, away from home and family, the Friend of friends. Here is Diruhi Hanum, a sweet woman from Harpoot. She is a Gregorian, but her gentle, peaceful face speaks of a soul that has found rest. In one corner stands the little white crib where our youngest patient lies. Pretty pictures of children, and flowers, and animals are hung about the crib, and he or she, whichever our baby may be, is the pet of the whole hospital for the time being. Sometimes one of our little family of women will be from a mountain village, speaking only Kurdish, not one word of which is understood by the nurses. Last winter a nice Arab girl spent several weeks with us. She learned a few Turkish words, but conversation was usually carried on in the language of smiles.

In this room Miss Trowbridge holds her Sunday school; the class consisting not only of the women and children in the hospital, but also of such children as have been in-patients, but are now living in our little khan. The Bible instruction goes on during the week also, so that I often think our children are better grounded than in Sunday schools at home. Their bright faces as they listen and their delight in the songs cheer us all, and make the hospital round easier. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, . . . ye have done it unto Me."

CAN I NOT SUFFER
FOR HIM?

In "China's Millions" the story is told of Dr. Fsen, a Chinese doctor and drug seller, who became interested in the gospel as soon as he first heard it, and at once began to close his shop on the Lord's day. Every morning and evening he joined the Christians in worship, for he thought it too long to wait till the next "worship day" came around. After a few weeks this test was put before him: If you really believe in Jesus as your true Saviour you should take down your picture of the goddess of mercy from your shop and burn it, saying, "I have been seeking a Saviour for forty years, and now that I have found one, do you think I cannot suffer for him?" He at once took down the paper idol and burned it. Great persecution followed, but the peace of God in his heart kept him steadfast.



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

MEDICAL WORK IN INDIA AND CHINA.

[Extracts from the last Annual Reports.]

AT TUNG-CHO, CHINA.

FROM the middle of June till the last of September, in 1898, there was a good attendance at the dispensary ; but as soon as it became known that the emperor was deposed, and that things foreign were no longer regarded with favor by those in authority, and that six high officials had been beheaded because of their having advocated reforms along Western lines, then our attendance dwindled down to eight or ten per day, and it remained thus for months. At first we feared that the charge of ten cash for each treatment was keeping the patients away. But we learned of dispensaries in other places where they did not make any charges, and they were in the same condition as we were as regards attendance. It seemed to require an unusual amount of courage on the part of patients to come to the dispensary, and there were only a handful in all this vast region who were bold enough to persist in coming.

The same causes which kept the patients away from the dispensary also prevented their coming for operations. The result is that this is the smallest year's report that we have ever given. Nevertheless we have had several interesting cases. About two months ago a Mohammedan was brought in who had fallen into a large kettle of boiling water, and was scalded from

head to foot. For the most part the injury was not very deep, but the trouble was that it involved the whole integument, and he died about twenty-four hours after the injury. The father of the patient told me that his son boiled ox meat for the market. After his death we learned from several sources, all Mohammedan, that he boiled camel meat, and sold it for beef. This, by them, is considered a very great crime, and they say that his death was a just punishment for the offense. He not only bought up worn-out camels, but when this line of supply would not be sufficient to meet the demands of the trade, he, in company with another Mohammedan, would increase the supply by going out at night. One would be armed with a club, and would hide by the wayside, along which the camel trains would be passing. When he saw a good opportunity to strike an animal on the leg, without being detected, he would do so, and then vanish in the darkness, and hope that the camel leader, when he learned that one of his animals was disabled, would think that it had stepped into a hole in the darkness, and thus received the injury. While this was going on the second Mohammedan would be making a detour, and would come upon the string of camels from the opposite direction, and would buy the beast at a very low price, and so keep the market supplied.

A case which had a happier outcome came to us a few weeks ago. It was a little three-year-old girl who, some months ago, had had a very severe bruise on the face. This had caused the eyelids of one eye to grow together, save a small space at the nasal side. The parents wanted us to restore the eye to usefulness. They said, "We cannot get a mother-in-law for our daughter while she has such an ugly deformity." When we operated we found that the lids were not injured at their margins, but that the deformity had arisen on account of an abrasion of both lids, and following this there had been great swelling. This had caused the raw surfaces of both lids to be brought in contact, and in this condition they had grown together. By severing this band of adhesion, the margins of the lids were found to be in good condition, and the girl now has two good eyes, and we suppose that before long she will have a mother-in-law, notwithstanding she is scarcely out of babyhood.

DISPENSARY WORK IN BOMBAY.

Dr. Karmarkar writes: My dispensary was opened formally on the first of July, although medical work was carried on before. The patients treated here were from various nationalities and castes. Some of them were Parsees, Khojas, Moguls, Armenians, Mohammedans, Bene-Israelites, Hindus and Christians. The attendance was not very large, owing to the fear of

doctors, caused by enforced plague regulations. During the last six months 1,048 new cases were treated 2,667 times. Of these, old and new together make, men 504, women 808, children 1,355. The receipts during the year (11 months) in fees are Rs. 884.

AMONG THE TELEGUS.

A very gratifying and successful case introduced me to the Telegu community, a large portion of which resides in Camatipura. This locality is noted for its unclean and unhealthy streets and surroundings. Almost all of the women spend their time daily in making cigarettes, some making as many as a thousand a day. Most of them have a filthy habit of smoking or chewing tobacco. I had a labor case of twins where the mother was greatly emaciated and her life was despaired of, owing to several serious complications. It was a hard case, but the Lord helped me, and now my patient is a strong and healthy woman.

IN THE SCHOOLS AND WIDOWS' HOME.

We had to fight with the plague when it visited the Boarding Schools and the Widows' Home. Those that were attacked were immediately removed to the plague hospital, where I went almost daily to see them. We are very thankful that excepting two cases all recovered. Inoculation as a preventive measure was resorted to without loss of time, and strict examination of boys and girls, as well as widows, was continued daily for some time, in order that plague symptoms might be detected at once. I have been visiting Miss Abbott's Widows' Home as often as I could. The women have also been coming to the dispensary for treatment. Under Miss Abbott's motherly care a wonderful change has taken place in these women. The transforming power of Christ can be seen in the inmates. It has been a pleasure to me to visit this Home. Another pleasant duty has been to visit Bowker Hall regularly, and to treat the sick girls there. The boys usually come over to the dispensary, unless very sick, in which case I go to see them. Mr. and Mrs. Hume have spared neither time nor strength in making the children's quarters healthy. They have also given a great deal of attention toward systematic exercise in the open air, by way of drills and other gymnastic exercises, which are a chief factor in preventing diseases among the school children.

FROM DR. H. E. PARKER, MADURA, INDIA.

The Medical work of the Woman's Hospital in Madura has increased this year, chiefly in the dispensary department where the patients number 5,500 more than last year. Calls to the houses have been much more numer-

ous, and it has been a pleasure to visit in several Mohammedan homes. The following table is a summary of the year's work:—

ITEM.	1898.	1897.
New Out-patients	16,092	10,495
New In-patients	262	148
Labor cases	59	45
Prescriptions written	35,660	21,092
Out-patients include:—		
1. Europeans and Eurasians	62	
2. Mohammedans	883	
3. Hindus	10,886	
4. Native Christians	4,261	

As to the evangelistic side of our work: The two Bible women have talked with the dispensary patients and held morning and evening prayers in the different hospital rooms. Our woman compounder has led a morning service in the waiting room, though at no time are all the people there together, and two of the nurses have shown a readiness to pray in the houses. But our relations with most of the patients are so brief that we cannot tell what impression is made. The women who come to the dispensary often wish only to get their medicine as quickly as possible and go away, so they avoid the Bible women. The most definite results are seen among the in-patients. A woman of the shepherd caste said that she believed on Jesus as her Saviour, and gave a small offering to the church. Another widow has returned three times to repeat the Bible verses that she learned here. She says that she will never worship any but Jesus.

A widow of the religious mendicant class came, saying, "Though I have stretched out my hands to many gods and given them fine offerings, they have not healed me at all; now we will see the power of your God." She did improve, and declared that the God of Christians was the true God, and asked what things she needed to learn before joining the church. She went away promising to follow Christ. In this way about one woman per thousand has privately expressed a belief in Christ, though there has been no public confession.

HELPS FOR LEADERS.

A WORD FOR SECRETARIES.

THE first thought of one who stops to take account of the duties of the proffered secretaryship she is considering, or the new position she has just accepted, will be that she is to take the minutes of each meeting. Surely in this does lie a fundamental duty toward the society, but if it is the be-

ginning, it is by no means the ending of responsibility for the efficient, conscientious secretary. Even in the keeping of minutes does whole or half-hearted devotion to the work show itself. Here is an opportunity to make a dry record of facts, or to so clothe the report of the meeting, yet without too much amplifying, that those hearing it shall think, "What a good meeting that was!" or, "How much I lost in not having been there!" Here, too, is the secretary's option to sit idly enjoying the meeting as it proceeds, trusting to her memory afterwards to supply the data necessary for the minutes, or to write down diligently each thing as it occurs, making an exact record of every motion made, of all important features of the discussion, and of every appointment for individual or committee service. The alert, efficient secretary carries in mind the business of the auxiliary as much as does the president, and is the president's right hand to support her at all times and to aid her when needed by reminding her of the matters which should be brought before the society. The meeting over, the careful secretary makes it her first business to write out fully the minutes which were of necessity hurriedly taken, and to inform all committees or individuals appointed for special service that they are so chosen, not forgetting to tell chairmen of committees of their appointment to that particular office.

Of duties between meetings the secretary has no lack. She will keep a complete list of the names and addresses of all connected with the society. Friends and acquaintances will assume a new attitude in her mind as she realizes that they are also members of the same auxiliary, and, like herself, pledged to its interests. She will keep herself in touch with these members for the work's sake, and, that she "might by all means win some," will try to present the cause wisely and attractively to those not yet enrolled upon its list of adherents. Absent members, too, will be affectionately inquired after by their watchful secretary, and made to feel that somebody cares and the work does suffer if they are not in their places. Since very few of our auxiliaries have recording or corresponding secretaries, we will consider all the duties of both officers under one head, and suggest that this one, who is such an important part of her society, may greatly add to her usefulness by corresponding occasionally with the Branch or Board. Obtaining from them the latest information regarding the work to which the society is especially pledged, she will pass on all such information at the next meeting. The secretary who does this will be sure to see that all notices of meetings are promptly and clearly given, and will never fail to bring before the auxiliary every matter of Branch or Board interest which is sent her, as secretary, from headquarters for this purpose.

As far as possible she will be personally present at every meeting of her

Branch, and never will her society's report be called for in vain at the annual meeting of the Branch. She will feel alike a special responsibility and a special delight in being at the meetings of the Board which come within her reach, and in reading printed reports of those which are held so far away as to be inaccessible to her.

Not as though any of us who are secretaries had already attained, but as all striving after the realization of our ideals, do we bring together and offer for each other's pondering these possibilities of our high calling.

Scraps from our Work Basket.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH. It is with heartfelt gratitude that we report a continued gain in our contributions as compared with last year. For the month ending July 18th, the gain is \$518.13; for the nine months it is \$1,427.19 aside from the two special gifts amounting to \$6,500. If the gain of the last month could be repeated during the remaining three months of the year, the increase in contributions will equal the additional appropriations made for the year 1899,—a consummation most devoutly to be wished for. Let us strive for this earnestly and prayerfully. As we approach the close of our financial year there is also an encouraging gain in legacies, which have been very much behind until within the last three months. This deficiency has now been reduced to \$763.52, which is the amount of loss for the nine months.

OUTGOING MISSIONARIES. With deep thankfulness we can report the appointment of nine new missionaries of our Board during the last few months. They are Miss Claribel Platt, designated to Smyrna; Miss Elizabeth Redfern (temporarily), to Constantinople; Miss Mary E. Kinney, to Adabazar, and Miss Elizabeth F. Barrows, to Van, Turkey; Dr. Louise F. Grieve, to Ahmednagar, and Miss Helen Chandler, to Madura, India; Miss Helen I. Root, to Ceylon; Miss Jean H. Brown, to Foochow, China; Miss Cora F. Keith, to Japan. Six of these go to fill vacancies; some of them of long standing, and three, we rejoice to say, are in addition to the force already at work. The joy that an added worker will carry to those who are struggling under the burden of promising work neglected, can hardly be appreciated by those in this country, where every new opening is crowded to the utmost with applicants. Aside from these, four are expecting to return after a furlough in this country: Miss Harriet G.

Powers, to Constantinople; Miss Helen J. Melville, to West Central Africa; Mrs. E. S. De Forest, and Miss Julia E. Gulick, to Japan. To these we might add Dr. Caroline F. Hamilton, who is most closely identified with our mission in Aintab, Turkey, and who sailed July 23d. She will be joined in Constantinople by Miss Elizabeth Trowbridge, who has been spending the year there and now returns to Aintab. Miss M. L. Page and Miss E. B. Fowler also expect to return to their work this autumn, after a vacation of the summer months in this country. Since our last report we have been privileged to welcome home Miss Martha H. Pixley and Miss Laura C. Smith, of the Zulu mission; Miss M. M. Patrick, President, and Miss Flora A. Fensham, Dean of the American College for Girls in Constantinople, and Miss Alice H. Bushee, from the mission to Spain. Miss Annie Stockbridge, of Ahmednagar, India, is also having a year's rest in England, where her relatives live.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS. Through the kind intercession of Mrs. E. W. Blatchford, the mother of Lady Curzon, Mrs. Leiter, of Chicago, furnished the picture which accompanies Mrs. Cook's article on the "Lady Dufferin Fund." The portrait of Lady Dufferin is from a photograph taken before she went to India as the wife of the viceroy.

YOUNG PATIENTS IN MOROCCO. Here, as everywhere else, child life is sweet and attractive, and many a sunbeam is thrown upon our path by the trustful affection and innocent simplicity of the little ones. A sturdy little man of three years old shouts valiantly, "Boys, boys, to the rescue!" when he finds his head imprisoned between the doctor's knees, and a spray of warm water playing over his inflamed eyes; and yet is not above consoling his injured dignity by a lump of sugar and a kiss, when all is over. A town maiden of six or seven years says pitifully, "Dear lady, how *can* you let these dirty village women sit down on your clean bed?" When she sees a Felluhah on the surgery couch, a moralist of eight, bewailing her impaired eyesight, tells us seriously that children who have mothers as young as hers was always suffer a great deal in their infancy, because "a very little mother is too fond of play, and does not know how to take care of her children." An impromptu poet of nine or ten, being held down by main force to undergo a very simple and painless examination, suddenly ceased his screams and began to chant a kind of funeral dirge, "O mother, mother, come and see your poor son in the dust;" then in a martial tone: "The knife is bared, the red blood flows; O mother, mother, come and see your darling in the dust!" All the time there was no knife in the question at all.—*Medical Missions.*

MEDICAL WORK IN TOKYO, JAPAN. A Japanese trained nurse, a graduate of our nurse's training school in Kyoto and of the Methodist Hospital Training School in Philadelphia, writes as follows of medical work in Tokyo: "The population of Tokyo is about 1,165,000, and there are many hospitals, public and private. In the largest hospital there are two departments, each containing over two hundred beds. Shiba Sanitarium has 200 beds; Red Cross has 150; Charity, 60; Meiji Hospital, 170; Sunten Hospital, 160; Hongo Hospital, 180; and a good many others have over one hundred beds each. I can say there are about one thousand nurses among these thirty large hospitals, so that you can tell about how many nurses are in Japan. There are how many more other hospitals beside these thirty I do not know, and there are also so many nurses' homes beside hospitals. There are very few Christian nurses in Japan. I have been to see the head nurse at Charity Hospital the other day, and she told me there are about twenty-four Christian nurses among the graduates there, and I also have heard that there are about thirty Christian nurses among three hundred at Red Cross Hospital. I do not think there are very many more in other hospitals and homes. Japan began to know how important it is to have good nurses in this country. So now there are so many women who become nurses,—and yet the most of them are not well educated people; consequently they are not fit for a right kind of a nurse, which I am ashamed to say!

"Perhaps you may not understand just how it is in Japan about the hospital. There are hardly any free beds in any of the hospitals, except Charity Hospital. Of course some do take the free patients if of special medical interest. So when I first went to America I could not believe hardly when I found that the majority of the hospital patients were free. Some of them were well-dressed people. So this wonderful work of Dr. Whitney is especially for the poor people in Tokyo. Our two big downstairs wards are filled mostly with the poor patients, and the majority of them are eye cases. Dr. Whitney's work is most wonderful. Nine out of ten get well and go home. Why shouldn't they get well, when one works with the help of the higher Power. I often notice the silent prayer with which he begins his operations in the operating room—if I am not mistaken! We have now in the ward a most interesting case of cataract—a woman, eighty years old. She is getting on wonderfully well. She will be discharged in a day or two, and she is happy. One day she told me that she will live a year longer because she can see again, and can live happier than she was last two years! How grateful they are to be helped when they are sick and needy! They are all thankful and happy when they go out, and no wonder!"

THE GENTLE Miss M. Copping, writing of the medical work in CHRISTIAN DOCTOR. Fez, Morocco, says: "A country child of about ten years was carried to us badly burned. The first day she did not speak, but on the second day she put her dirty little arm around my neck, and said, 'My sister, the fire took from me my only garment, and this is not kind to my skin,' meaning the old sack in which she was wrapped. I was so thankful to be able to go to my room and bring her a soft garment. This poor child died after much suffering. The last time as I changed the lint on her burnt chest and back, she kept whispering, 'The Lord is kind, the Lord is gentle.' Poor little one, how did she know? It was just this: she felt the comfort of cool lint and clean soft garments, and she accepted them as from the Lord himself."

LATE NEWS FROM MICRONESIA. Through an extra trip of the Morning Star we have news from Ruk, Micronesia, as late as May 19th. Mrs. Logan was on board, being compelled to leave Ruk for medical treatment, and is now in this country. It was thought necessary that Miss Beulah Logan, having a better knowledge of the language and of the people than anyone remaining there, should assist Mr. Stimson in his work, which leaves the Misses Baldwin alone in the girls' school,—a difficult position for them after only six months' stay on the island. A natural regret is expressed by the missionaries that our gunboat which took possession of Guam, did not go on to Ponape, and raise the American flag there. While German rulers are better than Spanish, it is feared that the government will not have a vital interest in its far-away possessions, and that the islands will be simply farmed out to a commercial company, whose only interest is to make money, and who will not care for the people or any helpful or uplifting influence that may be brought to bear upon them. The natives on Kusaie, Ruk, and Ponape are reported as very anxious to be taken under American protection. Captain Garland and Mr. Channon were allowed to visit Kiti, on Ponape. They found Henry Nanepai had been released after ten months' imprisonment; five months in close confinement, and the remainder of the time within the limits of the barracks and parade ground. The trouble among the natives, of which exaggerated reports were received last winter, seems to have been between the Catholics and Protestants. After a slight skirmish the fighting was stopped, through the influence of Nanepai. He assured Mr. Channon that the people on Ponape would receive any missionaries who could come to them, with open arms,—would gladly welcome them. He said the work was in good condition as far as numbers and congregation went, but deplored the want of missionaries to keep up the

spirituality of the workers and the churches. They "need the living water." The Spaniards were waiting for orders to leave the island, and were without food or news of any kind, except such as was brought by chance vessels.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

FROM MISS EMILY S. HARTWELL, FOOCHOW, CHINA.

THE work has opened up rapidly during the past few years, and presents great promise for future development and growth, opportunity for which can readily be understood from the fact that only one of these seven churches is as yet self-supporting, this one being the "mother church" to nearly all the others.

The hospital for women and children, located in the midst of the teeming population of Foochow City, presents a most fruitful field for the lady physician for whom the mission has been calling so long to be associated with Dr. Woodhull.

This call is to an heroic task, often against seemingly insurmountable obstacles. As Dr. Woodhull says, "The work is trying because of the difficult cases that come to us, some beyond help, and some requiring a long time, patience, and perhaps a difficult operation to cure." Nevertheless, there is no work which demonstrates so clearly the unselfish disinterestedness of missionary effort as the medical work. The responsibility and care attending this work should be shared, for the constant care of a hospital and training a medical class fills the waking hours, and leaves but little time and strength for outside practice, with frequent night calls. Will not some one come soon to relieve Dr. Woodhull and extend this work? Who will claim the prophetic words of Jesus, who shares each grief and pain, "I was sick and ye visited me"? And who will share the blessedness of this reward by sending her?

This year in the comfortable kindergarten room secured a year ago, over twenty bright-faced "Celestials" meet every day.

Side by side with those gathered in from heathen homes with the terrifying idols, sit the children of the women in the Woman's School, whose mothers are Christians or learners. Do we who have been nurtured in Christian homes appreciate too little what it means to save these tender minds from the fears and terrors of heathenism, and the importance of directing their earliest thoughts and impulses toward purity and truth? How blessed to feel souls fresh from God can be saved, and spared from the bitterness of a degrading heathenism! Will not some willing heart turn gladly,

and ready feet hasten their coming, to take up and carry on this beautiful work already well started by Miss Woodhull? This work also includes plans for older girls.*

The City Station calls also for a lady to visit the homes of the church members of the city church, also the students of Foochow College, and help in the evangelistical work as well as teaching in the college. During the past year the work among women has developed very rapidly. The men gathered into the churches are anxious to have their wives learn the truth. The college and day schools introduce the gospel to the homes, and the mothers are asking us more and more earnestly to come and teach them. Three Women's Day Classes have been opened this year with over fifty women, and other classes are called for in other places. The home is the pivot on which a nation or a cause swings upward or downward; hence the home is the turning point in the progress of Christianity. It is fatal to neglect these opportunities to enter the homes of our Christians and our students. The ladies connected with the college have not been able to do more than a small fraction of this work, on account of lack of time from other duties. We are calling for more workers. Our college students insure us welcome in homes difficult to reach otherwise. May the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into his harvest!

FROM MISS H. J. GILSON, MT. SILINDA, EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

The past three months have wrought a great change in our native girls, they are manifesting such a very different spirit, and are becoming efficient helpers in the work of the home. I think you know that there are now four from the Lowlands, and the boys who were at home in February say that many others are anxious to come, and that their friends are not opposed to it as they were one year ago. One girl who ran away and came to us in December, attempted it two years ago, but was discovered, taken home and beaten. I wish you would pray especially for Notisa, the first girl who came to us from the Lowlands. She has in her the making of a very good or a very bad woman. She is a hard child to manage, proud-spirited, self-willed, selfish. She was not more than ten when she came to us; is one of my brightest pupils; my most efficient worker. She can plan her work ahead, which very few of the native girls are able to do. She has required much more severe discipline than any of the other girls, and just now is trying to be a better girl.

Zyhiyeza (Shuěžā) is another girl whose development I am watching with much interest. She must be seventeen or eighteen; came to us last

* We are glad to say that Miss Jean H. Brown expects to sail for China September 12th and take up kindergarten work in Foochow.

December, because she did not wish to marry the man to whom she had been sold. She was very lazy, always quarreling with the other girls, and her mind seemed full of vile thoughts, which too often found expression in words. At the close of last term I shut her up one afternoon when she had been fighting with another girl. Afterwards she asked if she could go home, saying she would return at the beginning of the next quarter. We had little thought that we should see her again. She did not come at the beginning of the term, but said she was delayed by the rains. She has given us no trouble about her work since her return, and has had no trouble with the other girls. If you could have seen her to-day in her new blue gingham dress, and could have seen her when she came to us, you would surely have thought her changed.

I have been reading to-day Dr. Dyke's "Gospel for an Age of Doubt." He says, "We must accept Christ's great truth of election to service as our only salvation from the curse of sin, which is selfishness." I thought of the part which work plays in the salvation of these girls. Six months ago Ziyase was one of my most disagreeable girls; now she is a most faithful worker in the kitchen. The beginning of the change was when I told the European girl, who had been making our mgoza bread, that she might try to teach Ziyase to make it.

Our last communion was a very precious season to me. Four of the boys united with the church, and side by side with them stood my oldest European pupil to confess her faith in Christ as a personal Saviour. She felt anxious to unite with God's people. The nearest English church is at Umtale, one hundred and fifty miles from here. Six of the native girls asked to be received into the church at this last communion. We all felt that they had better wait until they have had more instruction. I believe that three or four are truly converted.

FROM MISS MARY T. NOYES, MADURA, INDIA.

You may be interested to hear of the cobras we had caught in our compound. The snake charmers claimed to have caught three in the school compound, and one in Mr. Chandler's garden. There were many witnesses to the fact that he caught them, but whether he had previously let them loose we cannot be sure. At least three appeared very fierce and poisonous, and the charmers evidently handled them with the greatest caution. One, the biggest of all, I saw them catch. They had a curious sort of pipe, which they played to charm the snake and draw it from its hole. Then, as soon as they caught sight of it, the chief man ran holding a bag containing a quantity of a kind of root in his hand. While the other man kept on

piping this man held the bag over the snake's head, slowly lowering it as the snake cowered before it. Then suddenly he seized the neck close to the head, and it was caught. It was very fierce when let go, struck fiercely at a gourd presented to it, but cowered immediately before a piece of that root. It was five feet or more long, and as big around as a man's wrist. When it spread itself the marking was beautiful. The spectacles on the hood were very plain. A friend of ours in America asked my sister to get him a cobra. After a good deal of persuasion the charmer said he would sell it for two rupees, but would not kill it. Charmers always say they cannot kill a snake, or their power would be gone. This man said, "The snake is my child; can I kill it?" But finally, after much talking, he consented to put it into a bottle, and allow alcohol to be poured on it. So, after much difficulty in getting a large enough bottle, after pouring laish on its head, and going through some incantations, as if for its funeral, he put it in, holding the head tightly till the last minute, when he quickly put the stopper on its nose, and pushed it in. Then he put in a funnel in place of the stopper, and allowed some one else to pour in the alcohol.

Our Work at Home.

THE BIBLE LESSON.

BY MRS. S. B. CAPRON.

Luke x. 21-24. A prayer.

THIS is a prayer of our Lord Jesus. One wonders if any of the seventy heard it, and if, hearing, it was comprehended. Again and again our Lord had said much about being as little children, and that such was the spirit that could enter into the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. When he proposed to be the teacher of such as would come to Him he did not hold out the possibility of any revelation of the profound and weighty mysteries of that unknown land. The lessons to be taught by this divine teacher were all toward lowliness of spirit, childlike simplicity, and trustfulness. The purpose and result were for the better living the life that now is.

When the seventy came rejoicing that they had had such manifestations of divine power through their faith, we see how our Lord recognized the danger which meets us all. The rejoicing should come, not because of the deeds done or any work at which men may wonder and admire. These

are readily and easily bestowed upon anyone whom the Lord can trust in the using. The "rather rejoice" lies in the richer communion with the Holy Spirit and deeper knowledge of the risen Lord, and a daily increasing consciousness of his personal presence discerned and felt. How well He knows just when and where to prize and crown a witness who, when even wonderfully blessed in ministry to others, never swerves from the simple acknowledgment, "not I, but Christ in me."

Hence, this prayer becomes most precious to all who would be owned and helpful in service. When we feel that we are very babes in knowledge of heavenly things, and yet possess the simplicity of implicit trust that our Lord will accept any service for him, and add his own grace and authority to our message, we may know that he rejoices in spirit over us.

The revelations are precious and clear. The voice is known. The testimony is freely and gladly given. Self passes out of sight in the absorbing desire that others may see His tender and radiant presence as we see, and know his faithful love as we know. Of such is the kingdom of heaven in all its power and mystery.

A MODEL AUXILIARY.

BY MARY HEDLEY SCUDDER, TACOMA, WASH.

WE hear of clubs for pleasure and profit, for labor or for help; we read of the many new ideas that are pushed by women in conferences, conventions, or congresses; we are beginning to be amazed when we meet women who are not "up" in all the latest modes of thought, and are not busily engaged in developing everything and everybody while their nearest and dearest are having a Topsy-like growth; and our astonishment increases when, in our little journeying up and down the world, we find a missionary society that is fulfilling its purpose, and which could send out a clear, illuminating light of inspiration to many in the land.

Perhaps the account of this Auxiliary will savor a little of Bunyan's dream; it may be it sounds too good to be true, and that no such society exists. But it is no dream; it more than exists, and it is a help to the pastor and an example in the Branch.

This missionary society is one of several organizations in a church which is struggling with debt, and all of the forty-five members are busy, everyday women, many with family cares pressing upon them, making the moments for outside work, or reading or recreation, golden in their opportunities. Hence the strength of the society does not depend upon the wealth, the

leisure, or the culture of the members; but that it does depend upon their consecration, their self-denial, and their interest goes without saying. In all organizations there is always a central force, and in the Model Auxiliary the executive committee has the force, courage, and capability to move mountains.

The committee, which courteously includes the pastor's wife, meets monthly, planning for more aggressive work and keeping in close touch with the women who are appointed to lead the twelve meetings of the year. The president has been a consecrated missionary, and herein is the society blessed, especially as her example of forgetting her own burdens wields a powerful influence. Every woman aims to practice the motto upon the Topic Card for the year:—

“ I am only one,
But I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
What I can do
I ought to do;
And, by the grace of God, I will do.”

So armed, it is not surprising that the executive meetings are penetrated with an earnest, aggressive spirit, which is so felt by all the members that each woman gives gladly and readily any service of mind, voice, or pen when it is asked of her.

The year's leaders, considering home and foreign work alternately, spend as much time upon their meetings as do the women in purely secular clubs, or those who are advocating some fad as unpractical as short-lived.

The meetings are planned for two hours, and four times a year, to comprise afternoon and evening. How formidable this sounds! But when the day comes there seems to be nothing terrifying to the members of this Model Auxiliary. So at half-past two they enter, often accompanied by guests, one of the delightful homes which are always open to them, and prepare, with bonnets laid aside and work in hand, for a spiritual and intellectual treat. Usually the speakers and singers—for heart-stirring music is always a feature—have an audience of nearly or quite forty ladies. The common interest makes the company one, and the tailor-made suit is no more out of keeping than the homemade alpaca; nor the dainty silk waist than the thrice turned gray gown; and there is as much applause awarded the paper showing time and thought, as the simple poem read in quavering tones. But the consecration and interest have developed latent talents, and one woman will give from memory the history of the American Board from its inception to

the present year, naming each station and its missionaries, or relate, without a note, the story of missions on some foreign field, illustrating with a map her remarkable mental feat; or another will describe the country under consideration politically, geographically, scientifically, so succinctly but so clearly that the facts stick in the mind like burrs.

Pains are taken to secure letters from missionaries, which often throb and glow with a depth of spiritual experience that thrills the listeners' hearts; photographs and curios are gathered from all parts of the earth to enrich an afternoon; the most talented singers gladly come to render selections appropriate to the occasion, and the prayers that ascend from the earnest workers must avail much. Sometimes a "real live missionary" tells of an experience that dwarfs the narrow lives spent at home to nothingness, and if it is possible, this reaches the men also at the quarterly evening meetings; but usually the society depends upon its members, and none of the women's clubs, or literary societies, or other bodies which meet for mutual benefit, have more delightful papers, more enthusiasm, or zeal, than this Model Auxiliary in one of the cities of the Pacific Coast.—*The Advance*.

WE trust that the description of a model auxiliary will stimulate others to go and do likewise. We should be glad to print accounts of similar success that may be suggestive and inspiring.

SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

THE Eastern Problem is before the public, and our periodicals present material for a study of some of the countries.

In the *Atlantic*, August, is an article, "The Break-up of China, and our Interest in it." "Recent Developments in China," by Oscar P. Austin, Chief of U. S. Bureau of Statistics, in *Forum* for August, presents another phase. July *Notes and Queries* considers the "Chinese Medicines" at some length. Some of the history is recalled in *Harper's*, August, "Episodes of the Taiping Rebellion," by Rear-Admiral L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N. The *Chautauquan*, August, gives "Chinese Corporations," by Maurice Courant, translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the same magazine Laura B. Starr writes on "Tea Drinking in Japan and China."

The artistic side of Japanese life is touched upon in August *Scribner*, "Japanese Flower Arrangement," by Theodore Wores. The political

condition of Japan is interesting at present, and is noticed in several periodicals. The *Independent*, July 20th, has an editorial on "The Admission of Japan." T. R. Jernigan, formerly U. S. Consul-General at Shanghai, writes on "Japan's Entry into the Family of Nations," in the *North American Review*, August. The *Nineteenth Century*, July, gives "Parliamentary Government in Japan," by H. N. G. Bushby. "Korea: Present and Future," is the title of an article in the *Independent*, July 27th, by Horace N. Allen, U. S. Minister to Korea.

G. W.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE thirty-second annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions will be held in Plymouth Congregational Church, Syracuse, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, November 1 and 2, 1899. All ladies interested are cordially invited to be present. A meeting specially for delegates will be held in the same church on Tuesday, October 31st.

The ladies of Syracuse will be happy to entertain all regularly accredited Branch delegates and missionaries during the meeting. All such desiring entertainment are requested to send their names before October 1st to Mrs. J. F. Demaine, 400 University Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y., Chairman of the Committee on Hospitality. For delegates and others who may desire to secure board, suitable places at reasonable rates will be recommended on application to the above address. It is earnestly requested that if any ladies who send their names decide not to attend the meeting the committee be promptly notified.

It is expected that the exercises of the meeting will have reference to the close of the century, work done in the past and plans for the future, and will be of special interest.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

September.—Objects of Worship in Heathen Lands. See LIFE AND LIGHT for August.

October.—Medical Work of the Board.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings.

December.—Conditions in the Heathen World in 1800.

1900.

January.—Triumphs of Christianity in One Hundred Years.

February.—Old and New Japan.

March.—The Awakening of China.

April.—What a Century has Wrought for Woman in India.

May.—Mission Work Through Christian Literature.

June.—A Century in the Turkish Empire.

July.—Educational Work of the Woman's Board in Central and Eastern Turkey Missions.

August.—Evangelistic Work of the Woman's Board in the Central and Eastern Turkey Missions.

September.—The Transformation of the Sandwich Islands.

October.—From Darkness to Dawn in Africa.

November.—Thank-offering Meetings. Subject, The Century's Appeal to Christian Women.

THE MEDICAL WORK OF THE BOARD.

TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

As the medical work in our own Board affords ample material, the references will naturally come from back numbers of LIFE AND LIGHT.

We suggest three papers for this topic on medical work in China, India, and Turkey. For a statement of the work in general see LIFE AND LIGHT for May, 1895. The changes constantly going on in the personnel of our missionaries is shown by the fact that of the ten workers mentioned there, four—Dr. Mary A. Holbrook, Dr. Grace N. Kimball, Dr. Pauline Root, Miss Helen E. Fraser—are no longer connected with the Board. The medical work in Japan passed out of our hands in connection with the troubles in the Doshisha. Dr. Grace N. Kimball, having failed to secure a permit for medical practice in Turkey, still remains in this country, and Dr. Root has been compelled by family reasons to sever her connection with the Board.

For existing work in CHINA, *Tung-cho Dispensary*, see LIFE AND LIGHT for November, 1887, June, 1888, September, 1896, and page 404 of this number. *Foochow Hospital*, October and November, 1886, December, 1889, February, 1891, July, 1896, October, 1897, November, 1898. INDIA, *Ahmednagar*, May, 1895, April, 1896, November, 1897, September, 1898, and page 391 of this number. Work of Dr. Karmarkar at *Kassino and Bombay*, May, 1895, April, 1896, July, 1897, and page 402 of this number. *Madura*, July, 1887, March, 1888, May, 1891, May, 1895, and page 403 of this number. TURKEY, *Aintab*, March, 1894, May, 1895, November, 1896, November, 1897, June, 1898, and page 394 of this number. Leaflets, Medical Work in the Villages in Southern India and the Dispensary at Tung-cho, China.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from June 18, 1899, to July 18, 1899.

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.		
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —		
Treas. Brewer, 8.30; Skowhegan, 2,	10	30
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chapman, Treas. Augusta, Aux., 50; Biddeford, Sec. Cong. Ch., Aux., 17.50; Buxton Centre, Mrs. Geo. W. Cressey, 2; Denmark, 1; Eliot, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Gorham, Aux., 24; Limerick, Ladies, 7; Litchfield Corners, 7.55; Portland, St. Lawrence Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 50 cts.; State St. Ch., Aux., Mrs. Ellis, 5; Waterford, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 5; Westbrook, Warren Ch., Aux., 17,	138	55
Total,	148	85
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		
<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Allen L. French, Treas. Atkinson, Aux., 30; Concord, North Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 13, So. Ch., Kimball Circle K. D., 10, S. S. Class, 3; Dover, Aux., 35.25; Hampstead, Aux., 6; Hampton, Aux., 37.50; Keene, Sec. Ch. M. B., Little Light Bearers, 5, C. E. Soc., 10; Kingston, C. E. Soc., 5; Marlboro, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5.18; Nashua, A Friend, 15, Y. L. Miss. Soc., 10, Aux., 24.55; North Hampton, Aux., 10; Salmon Falls, Aux., const. L. M. Miss Almira Saunders, 25; Swanzy, C. E. Soc., 10; Troy, Aux. (with prev. contri. const. L. M.'s Mrs. Oliver W. Smith, Mrs. John Jarvis), 28.50; Warner, Aux., 5; Wilton, Aux., 3, Sec. Cong. Ch., St. Paul C. E. Soc., 10,	300	98
Total,	300	98
LEGACY.		
<i>Londonderry.</i> —Legacy to New Hampshire Branch, Mrs. Hannah J. Sleeper, Chas. S. Pillsbury, Exr., through Treas. of New Hampshire Branch,	969	73
VERMONT.		
<i>Greensboro.</i> —The Votey Children,	10	
<i>Vermont Branch.</i> —Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Barre, Aux., 15.32; Cambridgeport, Aux., 3.50; Chester, C. E. Soc., 10; Middlebury, Inasmuch Circle K. D., 5; Pittsford, Aux., 7; Pownal, North, Sunshine Band, 2.25; St. Johnsbury, No. Ch., 13.65, So. Ch., 18.10; Vershire, Aux., 3.50; Westminster, Mrs. Julia H. Barnard, 1,	79	32
Total,	79	42
MASSACHUSETTS.		
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Andover, Abbott Academy, 45, Andover Union, 1; Malden, Aux., const. L. M.'s Mrs. Horace R. Brown, Miss Marcy A. Gilmore, 50; Medford, Mystic Ch., Aux., 20; Win-		
chester, Aux., 72, Intern. Dept. S. S., 7.56; Woburn, First Ch., Aux., 12,	207	56
<i>Barnstable Branch.</i> —Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Hyannis, Aux., 10, S. S., 1,	11	00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Chas. E. West, Treas. Three friends, 100; Hinsdale, Aux., 18.23; Lee, with prev. contri. by Miss M. E. Gibbs, const. L. M. Mrs. S. S. Rodgers, Prim. S. S., 5; Pittsfield, First Ch., Aux., 1; Stockbridge, Aux., 20.80,	145	03
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah W. Clark, Treas. Lynn, No. Ch., M. B., 2.05; Salem, Tabernacle Ch., Aux., A friend, 12,	14	05
<i>Franklin Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Greenfield, Aux., 4.65; Shelburne, Aux., 18.83,	23	48
<i>Lincoln.</i> —A friend,	2	00
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Maynard, Mrs. Lucy A. Maynard, in Mem. of Fannie, Mary, Hattie, and little Vickie, 10; Milford, Aux., 30.39; Natick, Cradle Roll, 8.42; South Framingham, Grace Ch., C. E. Soc., 5; Wellesley, Aux., 30, Wellesley College Ch. Assn., 413,	496	81
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Brockton, Aux., 26; Easton, Golden Links M. C., 8; Hallowbrook, Torch Bearers M. C., 3; Rockland, Aux., 21.75; Scituate Centre, Aux., 16,	74	75
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Miss Frances J. Rannels, Treas. Edgartown, C. E. Soc., 5; Marion, Aux., 35.53; North Dighton, Aux., 20; North Middleboro, Aux., 12, Cradle Roll, Marion A. Leonard, Marion Florence Dunham, Alice Chase Dunham, 81 cts., Lenten Offerings, 105.79,	179	19
<i>Pepperell.</i> —Prim. Dept. S. S.,	50	
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 42.50, Second Ch., Aux., 4, Miss G. M. McLaren, 6; Mittineague, Aux., 50; Palmer, Second Cong. Ch., 16.86; Springfield, Hope Ch., Aux., 18, Cradle Roll, 12, Park Ch., Aux., 10.70, South Ch., Aux., 65.29, Y. W. Miss. Soc., 73.75,	299	10
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Allston, A. K. D., 1; Auburn-dale, Jr. C. E. Soc., 25; Boston, Central Ch., Aux., 325.17, Y. L. Aux., 162.58, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 30, Jr. Aux., 30, Old So. Ch., Mizpah Class Dau. of Cov., 18.05, Park St. Ch., Aux., 30.27, Shawmut Ch., Aux., 331.10, Union Ch., Y. L. Aux., 75; Brighton, Cong. Ch., End. M. C., 4; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 54, Cradle Roll, 12, Extra-Cent-a-Day Off. (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Frank Gaylord Cook), 3.65; Cambridgeport, Wood Mem. Ch., Aux., 10; Charlestown, Winthrop Ch., Aux., 50 cts., Cradle Roll, 68 cts.; Chelsea, First Ch., Cradle Roll, 14.07, Third Ch., Aux., 7.45, Floral Circle, 10; Dorchester, Village Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Hyde Park, A friend, 50; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., Y. L. Miss. Soc., 50, Central Ch., Aux., 123.52; Newton,		

Eliot Ch., Aux., 122, Helpers, 9, First Ch., Aux. (of wh. 8.35 Cradle Roll), 60; Newtonville, Cradle Roll, 27.50; Roxbury, Highland Ch., Aux., 45.40, Immanuel Ch., Aux., 3.25, Walnut Ave. Ch., Prim. Class, S. S., 3; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Y. L. Miss. Soc. (of wh. 2.40, Cradle Roll), 19.13, Prospect Hill Ch., Woman's Union, 40, Winter Hill Ch., Y. L. Soc., 2; South Boston, Phillips Ch., Aux., 30; Walpole, Aux., 30.27, Mrs. Helen E. Way, 22.53; Waltham, Aux. (of wh. 17.33 Cradle Roll), 42.33, Carrier Pigeons, 20; West Somerville, Day St. Ch., W. M. Soc., 5.50, Lower Lights, 5,	1,906 95
<i>West Brookfield.</i> —Friends,	20 00
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Minnie D. Tucker, Treas. Blackstone, Aux., 15; Hardwick, Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 3.41; Leicester, Jr. C. E. Soc., 1.76; Marlboro, Jr. C. E. Soc., 11; North Brookfield, Aux., 20; Sturbridge, Aux., 22; Ware, Aux., 230.80; Warren, Aux., 22.48; Westboro, Aux., 19.05; Worcester, Hope Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Old So. Ch., Aux. (of wh. 50 const. L. M's Mrs. H. W. Cobb, Mrs. Everett Flag), 75.16, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., 35.72, Little Light Bearers, 5,	466 38
Total,	3,846 80

LEGACIES.

<i>Belchertown.</i> —Legacy Miss Sarah C. Alden, Miss Harriet E. Alden, Executrix,	1,110 68
<i>Williamstown.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Hopkins,	100 00

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Providence.</i> —Miss E. A. Gaff,	5 00
<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas. Providence, Free Evangelical Ch., Aux., 30.50, Union Cong. Ch., Aux., 164.77,	195 27
Total,	200 27

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 27.65; Glastonbury, Aux., 102.14; Hartford, First Ch., Aux., 2, Cradle Roll, 13.60; Manchester, Second Ch., 12.51; New Britain, First Ch., Aux., 41.19, South Ch., Aux., 31.15; South Manchester, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; West Hartford, M. C., 8.25, Cradle Roll, 9.50,	250 99
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Black Rock, Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Bridgeport, Park St. Ch., Full. Mem. Soc., 5; Derby, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 25; Essex, C. E. Soc., 3; Kent, Aux., 20.06; Killingworth, Aux., 1.55; Litchfield, Aux., 27.56; Madison, Aux., 22.70; Middlefield, C. E. Soc., 3.62; New Canaan, Aux., 12; New Haven, Centre Ch., Aux., 268, Jr. M. C., 55, Dwight Pl. Ch., C. E. Soc., 7.92, Grand Ave. Ch., Helpers, 12.45, Humphrey St. Ch., Y. L. Soc., 50, Plymouth Ch., Sunbeams, 45, Captains of Tens, 10, United Ch., Y. L. Soc., 50, Yale College Ch., Aux., 30, Mrs. Cady's School, 8.10; New Milford, Aux., 10; North Branford, C. E. Soc., 9; North Haven, Jr. C. E. Soc., 25 cts.; Norwalk,	

Aux., 15; Portland, Work and Win, 2, Prospect C. E. Soc., 6, Sharon, C. E. Soc., 6; Stamford, Y. L. Soc., 50 cts.; Stratford, Aux., 24, Y. L. Soc., 22; Wallingford, C. E. Soc., 11; Washington, Aux., 10; Watertown, C. E. Soc., 10; Winchester, C. E. Soc., 7.54; Winsted, First Ch., Jr. Workers, 24,	819 25
<i>Terryville.</i> —Miss Lois Gridley,	10 00
<i>Westville.</i> —Miss Abbie Ogden,	30 00
Total,	1,110 24

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Acting Treas. Bedford Park, Jr. C. E. Soc., 8; Binghamton, Plymouth, L. M. Soc., 5; Brooklyn, Parkville, Ladies' Aid Soc., 5; Buffalo, First Ch., W. M. Soc., 40 (aid with prev. contrib. by Mrs. W. G. Bancroft const. L. M's Miss Mary I. Rankin, Mrs. Ann J. Kuhl, Mrs. John F. Candee, Mrs. M. F. Gedge), De Ruyter C. E. Soc., 1; East Bloomfield, Aux., 8.30; Fairport, W. F. M. Soc., 40; Flushing, Aux., 16.10, Acorn Band, 2.67; Honeoye, C. E. Soc., 4; Lockport, First Ch., Aux., 8. S. S., 10; Manhattan, Jr. C. E. Soc., 7.07; Morrisville, C. E. Soc., 1.50; Newburg, L. M. Soc., 2; Oneida, Chenango and Delaware Assoc., 10.25; Orient, W. M. Soc., 29.23; Perry Centre, Aux., 16; Rochester, So. Ch., W. M. Soc., 20; Syracuse, Danforth Ch., Ladies' Union, 20, So. Ave. C. E. Soc., 10; Warsaw, S. S. 3.25; Watertown, Emanuel Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; West Winfield, C. E. Soc., 10. Less expenses, 76.45,	205 92
Total,	205 92

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 54.55, Miss. Club, 10, Mt. Pleasant Ch., Aux. (of wh. 25 const. L. M., Mrs. Jessie S. Davis), 34.20; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 25; Chatham, Stanley Ch., Aux., 9.11; East Orange, Trinity Ch., C. E. Soc., 11.33; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Aux., 21; Upper Montclair, Aux., 33; Westfield, S. S., 20.29; Pa., Germantown, Neesima Guild, 4.44,	222 92
Total,	222 92

LEGACY.

<i>Baltimore, Md.</i> —Legacy to Philadelphia Branch, Mary R. Hawley, Baltimore Safe Deposit and Trust Co., Exr., final payment,	320 25
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TURKEY.

<i>Smyrna.</i> —Girls' School, K. D.,	26 40
Total,	26 40
General Funds,	5,933 91
Gifts for Special Objects,	207 89
Variety Account,	8 69
Legacies,	2,440 66
Total,	\$8,591 15



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Mrs. C. B. BRADLEY,
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley, Cal.

RECEPTION TO MISSIONARIES.

WE do honor to our military and naval heroes, and we have medals and garlands for the boys in blue who have seen service and have done their duty. No less honor is due to the soldiers of the cross, to our missionaries both home and foreign, whose lives are a constant devotion to duty, often rising to the highest point of moral and even of physical courage.

San Francisco has become the most convenient *embarcadero* for those going to Micronesia, Japan, China, and even India, so that quite a goodly company are frequently passing through here en route to the Atlantic seaboard or outward bound to the Orient.

Such a company recently arrived on the Gaelic, and the Woman's Board of the Pacific was alert to catch them on the wing, and tendered them a reception at headquarters. It was simple and informal, but most pleasing and satisfactory. It was the work of a few moments, with willing hands and an abundance of beautiful flowers, to give the rooms an air of brightness and of welcome.

The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. Gordon of Japan, Rev. J. E. Abbott and Miss Abbott of Bombay, Mr. Bruce of Satara, Mrs. Dr. Sheffield of Tung-cho, Rev. H. Kingman and wife of China, Miss Talcott of Japan, Mrs. A. P. Peck of China, Miss Melville of Africa.

After an hour of social chit-chat Mrs. Jewett called the audience to order and introduced the guests, one by one, each of whom responded in a few earnest, uplifting words. It is an inspiration to look into the faces and hear

the voices of those whom we have known for years only by hearsay. We know "their works, and their love and faith, and ministry and patience, and that their last works are more than the first," and it is good to clasp their hands and tell them, "We are glad to see you."

One of the guests said that as the steamer was nearing land she thought how pleasant it would be if for once in her lifetime she could feel that some one was waiting on the dock for her; but if she could have foreseen this pleasant gathering she would have felt satisfied. Light refreshments were served by the young ladies, and a bunch of moss roses presented to each of the missionaries. Rev. H. H. Cole, in a brief prayer, commended them all to the special care and guidance of our Heavenly Father.

INDIA.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MADURA MISSION.

FROM REV. J. C. PERKINS.

THE usual process in connection with the formation of a new congregation is somewhat as follows: First, two or three men are impressed with the truth, then before they announce themselves as Christians, they endeavor to influence their brothers and relatives; and when they think they have a number large enough for protection, in case of the persecution which is sure to follow, they give their names to the missionary, and are enrolled as Christians. Some of this number have followed their leaders without any adequate comprehension of what the new religion really is. They have followed their leaders and influential men into Christianity, just as they would have followed them into Mohammedanism or any other religion. They are received,—the earnest and indifferent instructed in the great nursery of the church,—and an attempt is made to instruct, to develop, and mature them. In view of the foregoing it is a special joy and gratification when a Hindu is convinced of the truth, and so convicted of the heinousness of his sins that he wants immediate relief, and, waiting for the companionship of neither relatives nor friends, comes, announcing his belief in the Saviour of the world. We have had several cases this year of individuals who have come alone, and have shown marked evidence of deep conviction of sin, and an intense longing to be right with God.

It is interesting to note the great similarity between establishing a Christian congregation in one of these Hindu villages and the building of the

walls of Jerusalem in the time of Nehemiah. First, the Hindus are very sorry that Christianity has come to the place, for their influence over certain people is lost. Next, the Hindus laugh at and mock those who have accepted the new faith, and say to them: "What do you expect to get from the mission, food or wives? You will get nothing, and will be back to us before the year is out." Next come threats, and persecution, and trickery; and these failing to bring the new converts back to Hinduism, they make their last, and most trying, attempt. By becoming most friendly, considerate, helpful, and kind, to certain of the congregation, they create a division among the Christians themselves, which is often a more serious blow to the growth of the church than the most active persecution of the congregation as a whole. Last year ten families accepted Christianity in one village. The congregation endured mocking, threats, and actual persecution. Now the influential Hindus of the place have stopped all persecution, and have become most friendly with certain of the congregation, with the result that three men, with their wives, have gone back to heathenism.

In one of the villages of this station there is a faithful catechist who has suffered much for his profession of Christianity. He was a man of some means when he left Hinduism; he is a poor man now. Some rich and influential Hindus living in a neighboring village were so anxious to have their sons study that they allowed them to attend school under this catechist, feeling confident that they could overcome any influence that might be exerted on the boys in favor of Christianity. They little knew the power of God's word. The old man faithfully taught the school attended by only twelve or fifteen Hindu youths, whose ages ranged from thirteen to seventeen years.

Months passed by, and the word of God commenced to take effect. The boys began to question the teachings and the senseless ceremonies of their religion. They stopped many of the practices of the heathen, and only went to the temples when actually forced to go. Not only that, but they commenced to worship the Lord Jesus as God, and as they could not do this in their father's houses, they fixed a time in each week when they would steal off into the jungle, and hold a prayer meeting. This little meeting has been going on for years.

Recently when the missionary was to preach in a village three miles from their place, they came to hear and talk with him. At the close of the service a long and earnest conversation was carried on between the missionary and the chief spokesman of the young men. He was about seventeen years of age, the only son of a very rich father. He said that he believed firmly in Christ. That he would have nothing to do with Hinduism, but that if

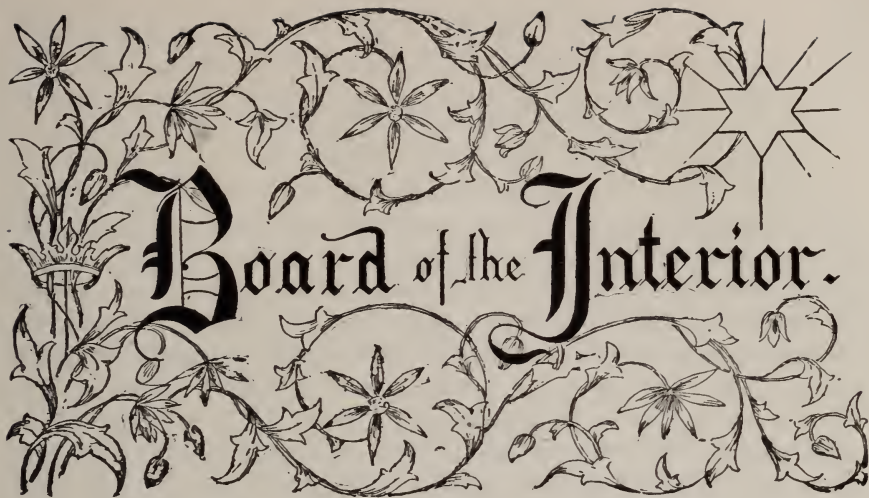
he came out publicly and confessed Christ, his father would disinherit him, his caste people would drive him out and far away from that section of the country, and he knew not where to go. There was a marked similarity between his case and that of the rich young ruler who came to Christ; and the missionary appreciated the position and the difficulties of that young ruler in the Biblical story as never before.

The young Hindu was perfectly genuine in his earnestness and desire to become a Christian. He had nothing to gain as far as this world is concerned, and everything to lose by becoming Christian. This was no sudden or impulsive move, but the growth of years of Christian training. Alas! he could not take the final step, but continues, with his companions, a secret believer in the Lord Jesus, and the secret meeting in the jungle is still kept up.

FROM EXCHANGES.

A BRAHMAN PETITION. A number of Brahmans brought to the maharajah of Mysore a petition in which they protested against the following customs and practices, which are destructive of caste, and from which they begged the maharajah to guard his province: (1) Criminals in jail are compelled to drink from the same water supply as that used by Mussulmans and Pariahs. (2) Brahmans are often compelled to take medicines prepared by doctors of Pariah origin. (3) In educational work caste rules are not observed, and girls are allowed to be educated. Female education will be the death blow of the caste system. (4) In the systems of water supply no provision is made for separate fountains from which the Brahmans alone could draw.

TRAINING OF WORKERS. Rev. F. B. Meyer, at a recent gathering in Calcutta, recommended the Christ method of propagating Christianity, and said that if he were a young missionary he would do his very best to train twelve apostles, seeking to imbue them with his own spirit, living with them, and sending them forth. A man of the fullest consecration, largest faith, greatest tact, soundest judgment, and ripest experience, would be necessary for this kind of work; but given such a combination of qualities, and twelve workmen developed in this way, a most effective and blessed service would follow.



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Chairman of Committee on "Life and Light."

MISS MARY PAGE WRIGHT, Room 603, 59 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

[*Mission News*, published by the American Board's missionaries in Japan, furnishes this tribute to the beauty of one of the Japanese mountains.]

CHUZENJI.

BY JULIA E. DUDLEY.

Lying embosomed in the wood-crowned hills,
Its quiet waters lapping on the beach,
Above, the fairest blue e'er summer sky
Arched over mountain lake; its bosom calm
Reflecting back to heaven the blue of sky,
A fringe of cloud, the gray wing of a bird—
Created but for shadowing heavenly things,
It lies a gem most crystalline and pure.

Our hearts, compassed perchance with sterner bounds,
Are yet o'er-arched alway with love divine
Which fain would win them from these darker shades
And shine into them heaven's truth and love,
Which they in turn reflect back to the skies.
O Lord! still all our restless, troubled thoughts;
Let thy great peace brood o'er our storm-tossed souls;
Then shall we, still and strong, Thyself reflect.

PEN PICTURES FROM JAPAN.

BY MISS LUELLA MINER.

NEARING YOKOHAMA.

ALL of the afternoon we sailed two or three miles from the coast, passing, I should think, thousands of fishing boats. The coast was rugged, almost mountainous in places, full of bays and very picturesque. Many little villages nestled at the water's edge below the cliffs. At Cape King, the entrance to the harbor, we saw the first lighthouse, and, crowning a hill back of it, I saw through a strong glass a tiny Shinto temple.

That afternoon, to look back upon, seems like a bit out of fairy land,—the sea with scarcely a ripple, the blue hills in the distance, and the near ones covered with verdure, the boatmen in their strange dress, or, more correctly, lack of dress, sculling along in their queer boats. As we approached Yokohama land became visible on our left, also, and soon we saw the active volcano Oshima, on Uries Island.

SUNSET.

I wish that I could paint with my pen the sunset which we enjoyed that night, so that you could get from it one tenth of the pleasure which I received. You will never see one like it in America, though possibly you may see as grand ones.

The water had an iridescent, almost metallic, luster everywhere, and the shaft which the sun cast across the water was gorgeous. The sky was intensely blue, and a Japanese mist softened every outline. A romantic white lighthouse perched on a cliff, with higher hills behind it, formed part of the picture. Then, to complete the scene, against the pink of the western sky we saw the dim outline of Fujiyama, seventy miles away. It is between thirteen thousand and fourteen thousand feet high, an extinct volcano, and as seen from the harbor is a perfect cone with no other mountains near it, though there are some behind it not far away. Mrs. Fenelossa, who has traveled all over Europe and America, thinks that there is no scenery to surpass that of Japan for picturesqueness. . . .

THE JINRIKISHA.

A little steamer landed us at the Custom House with our hand-baggage, which they winked at twice, and passed on without further inspection. A row of at least thirty jinrikishas was drawn up near, and when we were through with the formality of the Custom House the hotel runner called to the men, and they started for us *en masse*. Right here I'll explain the jinri-

kisha. It's simply an old-fashioned pull-from-the-front baby-carriage, with two shafts in front; and our horse was—a man! Well, we piled in, and each into a separate one, twenty or more of us, and the men started off helter-skelter, hard as they could run; now one ahead, now another. I'd give twenty *sen* if you could have seen that show. I lay back in my jinrikisha and fairly shrieked with laughter. Some of us tried to look as if we had been born in a jinrikisha, expected to die in a jinrikisha, and owned the whole of Yokohama, and some of us abandoned ourselves to the delight of looking green. Of course our men fleeced us at the end of the journey, but they are much more polite about it than American hackmen are in initiating foreigners.

THE GRAND HOTEL

is the very perfection of a hotel. The pleasantest thing about it is its cleanliness. I didn't know that anything earthly could be so clean. The meals are delicious, and the rooms elegant. Ours is in the second story, and double glass doors open out into the great front veranda. There is only the driveway between the hotel and the *bund*, or levee, so as we look out we see Yeddo Bay, dotted with innumerable boats. . . .

A TOUR.

After tiffin, or lunch, we engaged jinrikishas and started on a tour as directed by Mrs. Fenelossa. We had each of us two men,—one to push behind, as we were going on the Bluff. On the Bluff, overlooking the harbor, are the fine residences of the foreigners. The streets are narrow, with no sidewalks, but they are as hard and smooth as a pavement, and not a tiny speck of rubbish of any kind is anywhere to be seen. The streets wind about in the most bewildering way, and with a decided avoidance of angles. The lawns are perfect, but hedges of beautiful plants shut off the view of houses and grounds somewhat.

Then our route takes us down into the country, through rice, cotton, millet, and other fields lying between the hills with their precipitous sides covered with plants. We pass many Japanese houses made of mud and covered with thatch, with paper windows. Most of them were quite open to the public gaze, and we could see the inmates manufacturing all sorts of articles. Women work in the fields as well as men, and carry dreadful burdens. . . . Well, we wound around through fields, hills, and little villages until we came to Mississippi Bay—named after Commodore Perry's gunboat, with which he opened the ports of Japan to foreign commerce in 1854.

We were riding on the edge of the bay when we came to a hill crowned by a Shinto temple. Broad stone steps, at least eighty in number, led up to it.

A little waterfall starts somewhere above the temple, and makes its way with two or three plunges to the foot of the hill. There was one quite high fall over black rocks surrounded by luxuriant foliage.

The trip occupied about two hours, and cost seventy *sen* each. Traveling in a jinrikisha is delightful. The roads are very smooth, and our horses [men] go on a kind of a dog trot, which does not jar you in the least. It is much more rapid than one would suppose.

BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

We went to Tokio yesterday,—nineteen of us. We had a guide, and saw a great deal, but saw it so hurriedly, and our guide's explanations were given in such poor English, that the day was not entirely satisfactory. We went on the cars, taking nearly an hour for the trip. The coaches are smaller than ours, and the seats run lengthwise.

We spent the morning at the Shiba temples. The finest temples are at Nikko, north of here. These rank second. The first temple we visited was burned two years ago, and they are just building a new one, which is to be very fine. The idols and *et ceteras* were in another temple close by. It contains a sacred Buddha, and none are allowed to enter it with shoes on, so you may imagine our whole party seated and removing our shoes; not so easy as stepping out of Japanese sandals. The temple floor was covered with matting. At the rail inside knelt a number of worshipers. This rail shuts off all the images, and only "high" people are allowed to go behind it. The sacred Buddha is concealed behind two curtains, which are rolled up only at certain times on festive days. The fact that there were so many of us "from a far country," and a liberal fee to the priest, not only admitted us to the sacred enclosure, but gave us an opportunity to see the god.

We filed in and seated ourselves Turk style upon the matting. Before us were an urn of burning incense, various images of Buddha, designed to be carried in processions, hideous images whose duty is to guard the idols, great bouquets of chrysanthemums,—the Emperor's flower,—and other things all made of bronze, gold, or other expensive material. In the center of all hung a curtain of gold brocade. The priest knelt down at one side, and after various ceremonies pulled a string, and the curtain rolled up slowly. We saw another curtain and a mirror in front of it, which is often used in connection with Buddhist worship, signifying, I believe, the reflected brightness of Buddha. Then the second curtain was rolled up, and we saw Buddha represented as a woman. (Buddha is represented in a great variety of forms.) The image is a little less than life size, made of black bronze, and there is beautiful work around and behind it in gold bronze.



When the curtains were let down, tea was served to us in tiny cups. Think of drinking tea in a sacred Buddhist temple! The payment of a few *sen* gave each of us some chrysanthemums from the sacred bouquets. In a kind of recess outside this temple was *Jasu*, the children's god. Very near was the little temple of the god of punishment, where people go to pray that they may escape punishment. The walls were hung with pictures that would do for illustrations of Dante's "Inferno."

I must not take time for any more descriptions of the Shiba temples. The whole region is a beautiful garden, with numerous temple enclosures. The wood carvings of birds, animals, and flowers were exquisite. The wood is carved, and then covered with lacquer in various colors, much of it gold.

Some of the idols remind one of the ceiling of a country schoolhouse, for they are plastered with wads of paper which are written prayers chewed up. If the paper sticks, the worshiper's prayer is answered. There are "prayers tied up," too,—slips of paper tied to sticks. Around the idols, in some cases, are stacked large wooden tablets, which show the amounts contributed by various people. We learned the sad fact that the amounts actually contributed are often less than half what the tablet states.

In the Shiba district we also visited the tombs of the Shoguns. . . .

A SHINTO TEMPLE.

Next we visited *Atago Yama*. It is a very high hill reached by two flights of stone steps, a very steep one of eighty steps, and a more gradual one with over a hundred. A Shinto temple stands at the top. These temples are always reached by long flights of stairs. There are no idols in Shinto temples. The Shinto god lives in the sky, but there are slips of paper connected in some mysterious way with the worship, which seem to take the place of idols.

The view from this hill is magnificent, comprising half of the city of Tokyo (which covers a hundred square miles and has over a million inhabitants), the bay, with its men-of-war, forts, fishing-boats, a pagoda, and many temples. There are said to be 234 Shinto and 3,091 Buddhist temples in Tokyo; and Japan has about 8,000 different gods. . . .

THE GREAT BUDDHA.

From *Meno*, in the one half of Tokyo, we got a fine view of the other half of the city. *Ueno* is an immense garden containing various idols, shrines, and temples. The *Dai Butsu* (Great Buddha) is the most interesting object. It represents only the head and body, is twenty-two feet high, made

of bronze. It is in rather poor repair. The guide told us that so many missionaries have come, and so many people "no believe," that they cannot get money to keep up their temples, and many of them are falling into ruins. . . . We have had perfect weather thus far, and I am quite in love with Japan.

YOKOHAMA TO KOBE.

We have not been out of sight of land on this trip (thirty hours). Much of the time we have been within a mile of shore, and the scenery has been very beautiful. There are mountains all along the coast. We could see Fujiyama all Tuesday afternoon very plainly. A heavy cloud hid the middle part of it, but several hundred feet of the summit rose very distinctly above the cloud, showing the snow-capped peak.

KOBE

is the second part of Japan in importance. The population is about seventy thousand. The Japanese name is Hiogo. We have ten workers here, nine at Osaka, twenty miles from here, and twelve or more at Kyoto, forty miles from here. We could reach both stations by rail, but think we can spend the time more profitably here. . . . There are five Congregational churches in Kobe, three of which are now entirely independent of the Board, and self-supporting, all having native pastors.

Kobe stretches for a long distance close to a range of high bluffs,—or one might call them mountains. These bluffs are covered with pine except where they are very steep. The mission compound is on high ground near the foot of the bluffs, and commands a fine view of the mountains, and of the city and harbor. The grounds and houses are very pleasant and comfortable. . . . I never saw lights more beautiful than those of Kobe as we moved out of the harbor between eight and nine in the evening. It is very thickly settled, and lies for miles in a kind of horseshoe curve on the water's edge, and as it was perfectly calm the different colored lights were reflected in the water, making almost a solid wall of radiance.

THE INLAND SEA.

This morning the captain came to my stateroom, a little after six, to tell me that we were entering some of the most beautiful scenery of the Inland Sea. It is said to contain one thousand eight hundred islands. We wind in and out among these islands, which are all mountainous, and it seems like going up a river. The passages are quite narrow in some places.

Some of the islands seem like huge rocks rising up out of the water, but the most of them are wooded or cultivated. I should judge that the highest

mountains close to the shore are about two thousand feet high. We have passed a great many villages and cities. The hills are, many of them, terraced to the very summit, with narrow terraces, looking from the water like stairways. These terraces are sometimes built up with stone work, and various crops are raised on them, even wheat. The fields in the interior are larger, but an acre makes a large field anywhere in Japan.

NAGASAKI

is a land-locked harbor. The bay is filled with little islands, all of them having rocky, precipitous sides, most of them beautifully wooded. A few miles back we passed the Arched Rock, a bare pinnacle rising directly out of the water about two hundred feet, with a hole through the middle, through which we could look when at least ten miles away. The scenery this morning has far surpassed anything we have had before; but pen pictures are so unsatisfactory that I can give no idea of its beauty.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior will be at Madison, Wis., October 24, 25, and 26, 1899.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JUNE 10, 1899, TO JULY 10, 1899.

COLORADO	239 07	CHINA	15 00
ILLINOIS	2,084 71	TURKEY	21 20
INDIANA	31 75	MISCELLANEOUS	43 99
IOWA	718 74		
KANSAS	68 29	Receipts for the month	5,420 69
MICHIGAN	496 34	Previously acknowledged	36,851 85
MINNESOTA	395 59		
MISSOURI	91 40	Total since Oct. 18, 1898	\$42,272 54
MONTANA	6 00		
NEBRASKA	110 29		
OHIO	512 82	ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND.	
SOUTH DAKOTA	71 01	Received this month	30 00
WISCONSIN	368 99	Already forwarded	100 04
WYOMING	4 00		
CALIFORNIA	1 00	Total since Oct. 18, 1898	\$130 04
FLORIDA	2 00		
GEORGIA	12 50	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
MASSACHUSETTS	2 00	Received this month	47 25
NEW YORK	1 00	Already forwarded	336 57
NEVADA	2 00		
PENNSYLVANIA	116 00	Total since Oct. 18, 1898	\$383 82
WASHINGTON	5 00		

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